

Whereas the mournful intelligence of the death of Florence Grevelly, formerly of the *Journal of the American People*, has been received, and spontaneous and universal expression of regret at his sudden removal from the scene of his long and useful life has been manifested; and whereas the early, diligent and honored member owes to his example many of the incitements to that exertion which has been the glory of his country; and whereas it is resolved, That the New York Typographical Society in the warm tributes which have been paid to the memory of the deceased, recognize the value of his invaluable services not only to the printing, but to the literature and the progress of the cause of the *Journal of the country*, and that the Society do hereby unite with the people of the country in the expression of their sympathy for the bereaved family, and in the assurance of their sympathy for the American people.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Grevelly we deplore the loss of a man whose courageous struggle with adverse circumstances in early youth and whose diligent and

Mr. WILLIAM A. BOURNE then addressed the meeting, and spoke at considerable length and with much feeling of the disaster which had fallen over the whole country and where the cause of the trouble was the death of the great journalist, Mr. Greeley, he said, was a self-made man, and his life was a shining example to all young men who have to seek fortune among the people of the world. He said that he had seen his services in the noble cause of freedom would ever be a standing monument to his name. He had done his work nobly and bravely, and now, after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well. He then, after a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting then adjourned.

**Action of Other Bodies.**

Both branches of the Common Council are to meet on Monday to take appropriate action upon the death of Mr. Horace Greeley.

There will be a meeting of the former composers of the *Tribune* at the office of that paper on Monday afternoon, at three o'clock.

A special meeting of the Lincoln Club will be held at the City Rooms, on Monday first street, on Monday evening, December 21st, at half-past eight o'clock, to take action in regard to the death of their late member, Horace Greeley.

There was many a heavy heart in Chappaqua yesterday. The death of him who had spent so many years of his valuable lifetime among its inhabitants seemed to have come home to every household with all the poignant anguish of a general affliction. Go where you would—from the little station at the railway, where the flag hung at half-mast out of respect for the memory of the dead, to the stores and shops where little groups sat with mournful faces and trembling lips, telling how he had made himself

THE LITTLE ONES

he met in the village street, every one of whom he knew by name, and every child loved to greet him, knowing that the greeting would be returned with a kindly smile and a gentle greeting on the head accompanied by some word that made the little one feel all the happier. "The fact is," said an old farmer to the writer, as he tried to conceal the tears that would unbidden find their way to the surface, "Mr. Greeley was so much like one of our own family—so humble and unpretending in his ways, that one couldn't help taking kindly to him, and he won his way to every little one's heart by his very saple. He loved children and they loved him." If the gloom was deep in every house in the village, one felt it doubly so as the old homestead was approached. The day was bitterly cold and, as the writer in a sleigh drove rapidly from Pleasant

THE OUTLINES OF HUMAN FEELING  
 and then these were already half veiled by  
 the spirits. The wind that, broken  
 only now and then by the deep sighing of  
 the wind among the leafless branches of  
 the trees, was opposed to a stillness.  
 The grove where so many guests were  
 made to feel so much at home, and where so  
 many happy hours had been spent, was  
 silent now. The kind host and his friends were  
 silent too, dark and dreary-looking, with the snow  
 about, making the dark outline of the cedars all  
 the more prominent. The old man  
 reined up to the door of the old house  
 away up on the hillside and no one came, as  
 he had expected. He turned back to the  
 tender a warm greeting to the desolation of the  
 scene came upon the other with force. And it  
 was the same with the other house nearer the vil-

**THE HOTEL OF THE VILLAGE**

waiting for the train to come along the writer had an opportunity of hearing a great deal about the attitude which Horace took towards his wife as well as by his neighbors. "He was just like one of us," said one of the men. "He knew our names and our names were never acted against although he was more than we were." The place will miss him sadly, and the poor woman miss him more than anybody else here. "I am glad she didn't want to go back to her old home," said another man, "and wasn't helped along." In a conversation with a gentleman who had known Mr. Greeley since he was a boy, I learned that he had been very loyal to his death. "The Saturday after the election I think it was Horace with Mr. Johnson went into the Post office, and there they both died," said some one, which rather startled those who heard it on account of its strangeness. When he had gone out Mr. Johnson came back and said that he thought that he was going to die, but he believed that he was then beginning to lose con-

trof of his mind." "I saw him," said another, "on  
THE DAY OF ELECTION.  
He was cheerful and in good spirits. He was  
standing right there on that stoop. Said he  
to me, 'You village fellows, you are going to  
take some voters who want to go to the  
polls?' I refused at first, on account of my  
illness. He said, 'You are a good fellow, but  
I finally did take 'em,' and the man added, in  
a subdued voice, 'Don't put back the horses  
when you take the voters. The village has  
nothing to add payin' me; but I wouldn't  
take a cent now, if I've lost by it.' These  
remarks may seem a little odd, but they  
show how the villagers feel about the death of the  
old friend, and how, now that he is dead, even  
the things that he has said are remembered  
and come up in their minds as a memory to be

## MOURNINGS OF THE METROPOLITAN PRESS

Expressions of Grief and Sympathy—Journalistic Career of Deceased—His Services to the Country.

**Horace Greeley.**  
The melancholy announcement of the death of

For, after all, though detraction and disappointment and domestic sorrow may have clouded his last days, this was the happy ending of a noble career. "My life," said he, some years ago, "has been busy and anxious, but not joyless. Whether it shall be prolonged few

approval—these were not the tests by which he would have measured his success. The vanity of wealth, the unrealism of power, the worthlessness of popular renown—he estimated them all at their true value. The only ambition which he gave up to others' wants. The successful life that which is worn out in conflict with wrong and woe. The only ambition worth following was the ambition to alleviate human misery and leave the world a little better than he found it. There he had done it. He had done it in the face of the fiercest opposition, the last days and assured him he had not lived in vain.

He was a young man when he took his stand by

will to win before he left this world the esteem and affection which he won from different enemies. With no vain estimate his perpetration of the crime in the progress of the past thirty years he realized how much had been accomplished by him in which he had done a great part; he trusted that the agencies which he had founded would perpetuate his influence and that his secret heart's desire, that his secret heart he must have been, that when he was in his grave his name would prompt men to kindly actions and to noble thoughts, would moisten eyes that would shed tears of sympathy for him. Horace Greeley was blessed in his old age with the reward of his fidelity and self-sacrifice. "So," he said, "I have no regrets in my life, and in my mortal career, which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past; and, with an awe that is not fear, I look forward to the future, and I trust to include how, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world."

[From the New York World.]  
**Death of Horace Greely.**  
 A great light of American journalism and perhaps the most remarkable American of his period, breathed his last a little before seven o'clock yesterday evening. It has never been our lot to record a death whose surroundings and antecedents impressed us with such a sense of mournful and even tragic pathos. That of President Lincoln had indeed more of the horror of a certain kind of stage effect; but it fell short of this in the affecting appeal it makes to the deepest sympathies of our common human nature and its power to touch those deep well-springs of feeling which are the fountain of unfeigned tears. We write these sad lines with a tide of emo-

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and his mother, and the surprising fact that the latter was still in the prime of her long decline; and with a devotion like that which he felt in the days of his early youth, he was ready to sacrifice his health for her better or domestic trials had come the consummation of their first affection, he was constantly at her bedside, with the fidelity of a ministering angel. But, under less exigent circumstances, would have been due to repose after his recent exhaustion, and the more tremendous strain upon his quick emotional susceptibilities was too great for him. The strength of his constitution never broken, by any other excesses than overwork gave way; the chances of life which belonged to him, and which he had so bravely met, and his grandfather lived to be upwards of eighty) were squandered; and the vessel so rudely tossed by the waves of adversity, was wrecked on the beach after wreck. It is the saddest ending of

(From the New York Times.)  
**Mr. Greeley's Death.**  
Mr. Greeley died shortly before seven o'clock last evening, and there is not a man in any part of the country who will not receive the news with sorrow. Mr. Greeley has made a great mark in American history, and his loss in journalism is one which cannot be replaced. When people spoke of the *Tribune* they meant Mr. Greeley, for he was the life and soul of that journal.

concealed the equally important fact of mental aberration and fatal illness until the evidence was lost. This kind of conduct is only too characteristic of the utter lack of judgment and proper feeling which Mr. Greeley's friends have displayed in their treatment of his mother. The lot of survivors of the children of the Great Journalist is peculiarly mournful. Within a very few years the survivors of the family of sorrow has descended upon them as in a whirlwind. One of them at least has been called upon to pass through trials, in the course of a young life, which would have been almost insupportable to the allotted span of three score years and ten. To this faithful daughter, afflicted far beyond the measure of her fellow-sufferers, we people will go out in earnest sympathy; and they will hope that if human friendship fails to alleviate her grief, her sorrows she will find consolation in those immortal friends who alone can render the burdens of this world tolerable.

Mr. Chase, seventy-one. And Ben. Wade, seventy-two. Mr. Sumner, seventy-three. Mr. Chase is sixty-four and Mr. Sumner is only Mr. Greeley's age. The late James Gordon Bennett was only one year older than Mr. Greeley. Mr. Burien was eighty, the newly-elected Governor of New York is older than Mr. Greeley. Mr. Greeley is older than we look to other countries, and turn to the men who have been very active and hard-working lives, we find the comparison equally striking. M. Thiers is seventy-one, Mr. Bismarck is seventy-two, Mr. Gladstone is seventy-three—no doubt an exceptional instance; but the present Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, is only sixty-eight. Mr. Bismarck is seventy-two, Mr. Thiers is sixty-seven, six years Mr. Greeley's senior. Mr. Garrison lived to the age of eighty-one, Mr. Lincoln to the age of fifty-nine. Mr. Robert Lowe, is only Mr. Greeley's age, and is expected to do a great deal of hard night work, to say nothing of day work. Mr. Greeley is only one year older than the day Mr. Greeley, then, cannot properly be described as an old man. We cannot but think that his life might have been more useful and more varied, if he had not striven upon his constitution which the recent campaign occasioned. We fear we only express the mind of the majority of the people who are not "liberal republicanism." There is little reason for those who admired or loved him to respect the physical man, but to respect the man of whom Mr. Greeley is the mere shadow, and which which will all

[From the New York Sun.]

**The Last Blow.**

One of the most painful and affecting circumstances in the last days of Horace Greeley is the fact that the blow which seems to have finally overthrown him was struck by his own assistant in the conduct of the *Tribune*. Mr. Whitlaw Reid, who had been entrusted with the control of that Journal while its chief editor was engaged in the Presidential canvass.

The election took place on Tuesday, November 3, and on the Thursday following, only two days after the polls had been closed, the *Tribune*, which had been a subsidized card was conspicuously published in the *Tribune*.

The undersigned regrets the disclosure of the *Tribune*.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1872.

In this card there is nothing to indicate mental derangement. On the contrary, it is the language of one somewhat depressed, perhaps, by a great political disappointment, but yet in the full possession of his intellectual faculties and uttering himself in many and not discouraging language. But on the same day with this card, and following after it in the editorial columns of the same paper, Mr. Whitelaw Reed published the subjoined astonishing article:—

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

other safe persons, with horror and disgust. It was in effect a gross insult to the millions of voters who only two days before had given him their suffrage and who were now being insulted by the little gentlemen, democrats and republican who had him thoroughly and unmercifully supported him. He could not help but feel that the more keenly he felt the insult, the more keenly he felt the honor of Horace Greeley, and his first act was to go down to the *Tribune* office and write a disclaimer utterly denying any responsibility for this article. He had written, he was consulted, he was asked, he had seen it; he had no idea that anything of the sort was to appear; and in every respect he repudiated the sentiments and the language of the article. This disclaimer was sent to the printer of the printing office to be published next day at the head of the *Tribune's* editorial columns; but after he had left the office, Mr. Whitehall Reid suppressed the disclaimer, and the next day, the following day Mr. Greeley did not come down to the *Tribune* office, but he sent another paragraph containing a similar disclaimer, and this paragraph was also

[From the New York Star.]  
**Death of Mr. Greeley.**  
 Horace Greeley is dead. The venerable journalist breathed his last at ten minutes to seven P. M. yesterday, at the residence of Dr. Choate, Pleasantville, N. Y. His death was expected, and, as we announced yesterday, the duration of his life was but the question of a few hours. At five P. M. he was conscious for a few minutes, rallied, and spoke to those around him. His last words were:—  
 I rejoice, for I know that my Saviour liveth

[From the Evening Telegram.]  
**Death of Horace Greeley.**  
 At ten minutes to seven o'clock yesterday evening Horace Greeley died. The moment came at last when Death bore away in triumph the life for which affection and science had been vainly battling, and to-day the whole nation mourns over the great loss which it has sustained in the death of Mr. Greeley, journalist, philosopher, politician, gentleman.  
 The qualities of Mr. Greeley's mind were of too

national movement in the affairs of the nation. At the time of the election, the future of the country and success seemed to smile upon the liberal cause. But defeat came—a crushing, overwhelming blow. The nation was to be divided, and the pine dole before the Wintry blast. The death of his wife and the weeks of watching which he had passed at the bedside of his dying child, never cut so deep to the soul of the great man so much as did this complete overthrow of his political hopes. Horace Greeley, if elected on the 4th of March, would have been president in less than two more years of life; Horace Greeley, defeated, lies dead.

Under the circumstances of the case show how acutely the misfortune must have come home. The great journalist had devoted all his political life to the cause of the negro, and now, at the very first instance where he needed the negroes' support he was so totally ignored by that class that he was left with no other resource than to stand as if his disappointment were caused by his own former party. He had a right to expect that the freedmen, whom he had battled for with voice and pen, would at least give him the most plausible reason or the simplest operation of gratitude, accord him some support when he needed it. The result was the opposite of what he expected. He found that the race had once more shown how deficient in mental properties they were by their failure to give him the least support. The man who had done more for them than perhaps the

[From the Evening Express.]

**Another Light Put Out.**

The death of Mr. Greeley, foreboded on Friday morning, took place on the evening. It seems but yesterday that we rode in the same carriage with him to Greenwood, following the remains of another great editor. He seemed then—and it was some time after his nomination for the Presidency—vigorous in intellect, strong in body, wonderfully clear in his memory of past events, and certainly as little likely to die soon as any in the funeral cortege of Mr. Bennett. He bore his honors gracefully, was modest amidst the constant attentions of the passing crowds, and in his spirit it seemed to us that he passed through the whole of the trying canvass for the Presidency.

was, the constant invective and hostility, bitterness of speech, followed by the grossest of caricatures, charges of imbecility and treason: the speech made at Pittsburg tortured into hostility the feelings of the thousands who were in the civil war, as well as disunion and friendship and fierce in their personal opposition, dishonored in name by some whom he loved and had served, betrayed by others who first bade him god-speed, and then deserted to the side of the enemy. He was not able to bear this struggle unmodified. He was the target for months for the most powerful presses and politicians, to the most venal journal and camp followers.

of Mr. Greeley's career, for forty years, as a journalist in this city, thirty-one years of it on the *Tribune*. He did not propose to speak, as all this was discussed at length and from all sides, but to present a few facts, and to draw, as most gentlemen have, marked facts, mingled with great virtues. He had never possessed greater intelligence or more judiciously selected facts than in character, earnest in the assertion of truth, bold in the denunciation of error, and clear as light in the illustration of all subjects upon which he wrote. He was not a man of words, but of facts, and without magnetism in his speech and orator. His English was of the very best, written or spoken, concise, compact and logical. If he imitated anybody, he imitated the great masters of the English language. He was Benjamin Franklin; and at times he reminded us of the vigorous thought and words of Thomas Paine and John Jay. He was a man of great personal worth, but, as in his two remarkable papers dissolving the partnership with Seward, Weed & Co., and in his reply to the summons of the Union League fair, he was a man of great public worth.

row down, and it is thus Providence which we are to thank for the fact that the disasters and misfortunes come not singly, but in battalions! In a brief moment two loving daughters are made orphans. The little son and brother who was the great pride and the joy of his father and mother long ago led the way to "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." These now rest from their labors, leaving our dearest father and mother who for a time are left alone in the world. "May God temper the winds to their shorn lambs."

[From the Commercial Advertiser.]

**Horace Greeley.**

The whole land is saddened by the intelligence of the death of this distinguished man, and as the tidings make the circuit of the globe, under every

paign is a singular illustration of the truth of our remark. There was much in him to win the affection and esteem of others. His life was pure. He was thoroughly alive to every appeal of charity and every claim that suffering or outraged humanity might prefer. He always championed decency and good order. His pen and tongue never purposely countenanced wrong. Besides this, he was frank and outspoken in his judgments, whether of praise or condemnation. No man failed to know precisely where

himself a very rich and powerful man, and a possessor of the most valuable and valuable property in the world. He was a master of the English language. No one could speak more fluently and with more force. His language was eminently forcible and pithy. His arguments were strong, compact and earnest, and his pungent and pointed remarks were often very effective. His personality that gave them raciness and zest. It was Mr. Greeley's desire and aim to be a fully abreast of the great current of thought and influence. The claims of politics had to be made and he showed this purpose, but when, after the fall of Calhoun, he turned to his old chair in the *Tribune* office, he promised "to give wider and steadier regard to the interests of the people, and to the useful arts than a partisan journal could do," and "sustained by a generous public, he was able to lead the movement of power in the broader field it now contemplates." Undoubtedly in the future Mr. Greeley would have been a different man. He would have made it a new one. He would have proposed to occupy. But right here, at the close of his busy and contentious career, and at the dawn of a new era, he was a man who had been down long before his usefulness had ended, and when years of industry and activity spread out before him, he was a man who was in a position utterly uncontaminated by indulgence.

[From the Evening Post.]  
**Horace Greeley.**  
The news of the death of a man so universally known and who has so recently filled so large a space in the public sight as Horace Greeley

Mr. Greeley's merely animal constitution was a factor, doubtless, in his death. He was a farmer, did, the tranquil life of a quiet farmer, he would doubtless have lived to near a hundred years of age, had he not become a journalist, a regular and emperate, and we suppose he had never known any thing of those ordinary pleasures which are the bane of the modern man. So far as his mere physical constitution was concerned, he was capable of immense endurance and was a man of great strength. His constitution was not in the "noble entrails," as the vital organs of the trunk are called by an old writer, but in the muscles. He was a man of great strength and propriety of the rule of sparing anything like a critical analysis of the character of a man who has been so long and so generally admired. We think, to recognize the fact, which Mr. Greeley's dearest friend would not think of ignoring, that he was a man of great strength and eccentric qualities. The weak spot of his constitution, and where disease fastened itself when circumstances were unfavorable, was in the brain, and the healthy condition of the seat of the destructive of the faculties, was the brain. Perhaps his very great strength was the result of the result of a natural weakness in the substance of the brain, just as some men have a weak constitution, with all ways threatens them for too much use, the brain in Mr. Greeley was that way. Those familiar with his life know that this is not the first time death has threatened him from

Probably no man could have died at this moment in our history more fittingly than Mr. Greely. He would have produced a more profound sensation. Few men have appeared in our history whose lives have been so full of incident, whose character is so characteristic of the peculiar influence of our social and political civilization, than his life. He was a child of the Revolution, a parentage which was in itself a circumstance, without other situation than that limited and elementary kind which is gained by severe effort in the study of the exact sciences. He was a man of a high intellect, from the front rank of a highly intellectual profession, to become the adviser and counselor of the most illustrious of our statesmen, to be, in turn, recognized as a leader of popular opinion, and to retire, finally, from a large class of his fellow citizens, to be elected, by the highest honor conferred upon him—a nomination to the Chief Magistracy of the country. Without family, money, friends or any of the ordinary aids of success, he rose to a position of pre-eminence, Mr. Greely won his place of influence and distinction by the sheer force of his intellect, by the force of his character, by the force of his energy. By good natural abilities, by industry, by temperance, by sympathy with what is noblest and best in human nature and by earnest purpose, he rose to the position of eminence which, a few years since became the powerful and famous journalist, whose words went to the ends of the earth, and whose name was a synonym for truth.

The great misfortune of his life was its greatest

[From the New York Tribune.]  
MR. GREELEY AND THE TRIBUNE.  
The cardinal idea of Mr. Greeley in the establishment of the *Tribune* was the publication of a journal which should be equally free from narrow partisanship and timid neutrality. He took his stand on the independence of the daily press.

Prominent as were the relations of Mr. Greeley to his family, it was his connection with his country which gave him his character without following him into the retrospects of private and domestic life. He was a man of singular purity of nature. No foul word or manner ever crossed his lips. His conversation was pure and refined. He cherished the strongest attachment to the ties of family and home. No man had a keener sense of domestic affection than he. His tastes had the force of a passionate instinct. His devotion to his invalid wife through years of protracted suffering, his devotion to his father, his religious sentiment. The innate poise of his nature was concentrated upon his children. "Live long," said he, "and say," whose early death was a perpetual grief, "live long." His reality than a romance. This child, whose radiant beauty was never equalled in "the sunshine of picture-gallery," was the joy of his life, the pride of his father. His sweet and gracious nature was no less attractive than his personal loveliness. His mother's heart was drawn to her by the same feeling of loneliness and desolation upon the heart of Mr. Greeley, for which the lapse of years brought no relief. "I have been," she then at length wrote of him, "in my old age, like the old woman